

Good Morning 565

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

TWO JOANS SAY "HELLO"
TO L.S. JAMES HARRIS
AND A.B. ALBERT HARRIS

BACK FROM EIRE, GORDON RICH WRITES: They keep Home Fires Burning—with Turf

IN two articles, Gordon Rich, who has recently returned from a journey into the heart of Eire's bog country, tells how and why Eire burns turf.

One reason why Eire has no coal is because she is neutral. There are no new coalmines; and the whole coal deposits, stacked together in one giant yard, would last little more than twenty-five years.

Coal supplies are exhaustible. Even Wales may one day seek turf on its mountain sides.

STARTING with these limitations, Irish experts and experimenters are leaving no stone unturned to find the coal beneath. This policy became vital when war convulsed most of the world.

The Minerals Development Act of 1940 gave the State power to take over mineral deposits not being worked (or being worked inefficiently), and provided for the keeping of records of boring and excavation.

In this way the State acquired the Slieve Ardagh coalfield—one of the four main coal areas. A State company was formed and set to work mining for coal. Since 1941 it has provided valuable employment.

The total number of insured employees in Irish coal-mining six months ago passed

the thousand mark. An interesting point is that in the Slieve Ardagh area, as in many Welsh valleys, the miner is often a miner-farmer, dividing his attention between the two callings, eking out one with the help of the other.

Suddenly to speed up the Irish coal-mining industry, drafting thousands of extra workers to manipulate expensive machinery, for the sake of a short-term supply, would upset the whole balance of employment.

Livelihoods spread over a normal lifetime would be reaped in two years, and expensive mining equipment would stand deserted in the empty havoc of exhausted mines.

Castlecomer is the most productive Eire coalfield. Arigna is the next highest producer. Out of Slieve Ardagh and Castlecomer come anthracite coals, but the total yearly output of anthracite is no more than 100,000 tons, and this mostly came (at least, till last year) from Castlecomer.

Arigna coal is good for raising steam, having what is called a higher "volatile content" than the Leinster coals. Munster, the fourth Irish coal area, is actually largest in "coal measure formation," but its behaviour is more erratic than any other coalfield.

Folds in the rocks, and other structural disturbances, have warped the coal seams, making the problem of production, apart from the cost, very considerable. It is not enough, say the experts, to have the coal in the ground. It must be possible to get it out of the ground with economy.

It is possible to spend more power and money in producing coal than the coal itself will produce.

D. W. Bishop, of the Geological Survey Office, says in his official review of Irish Mineral Resources:—

"Even if the home production of Irish coal were stepped up to 200,000 tons per annum, it must be borne in mind that this is only one-tenth of normal pre-emergency requirements.

"The ultimate value of coal is the heat (excluding by-products) that is got out of each pound of it; so that the whole story is not merely one of tonnage. A coal with high ash and low calorific value is not necessarily of practical use."

From all the facts, figures and views provided by the experts, it can thus be seen that their coalmines make a considerable contribution to the fuel problem—but great progress is impossible.

In the best of circumstances, they cannot exceed a low, steady rate of production, and their mines can do no more than continue their considerable contribution to fuel needs. Beyond this point lies the spectre of redundant machinery and closed mines.

"Irish coal resources," Professor M. A. Hogan told the R.D.S. Conference Symposium on Irish Natural Resources recently, "are limited in quantity. Owing to the small thinness of the seams, development must necessarily be by small units, and consequently we may look to a small but steady output for several years."

Professor Hogan also pointed out that though sixty times more mechanical power is used in factories to-day than was used a hundred years ago, the cost of fuel and power represents only 1.9 per cent. of the finished article.

The industrialist of to-day, he says, gets ten times as much work out of a pound of coal as his predecessor of a hundred years ago.

There are two kinds of coal found in Ireland—anthracite and bituminous. Generally speaking, if a line be drawn from Dublin to Galway, the coal lying south of this line will be anthracite, that on the north bituminous. Many experts regard the Irish bituminous coal as equal, in ordinary grades, to the best quality English or Scottish coal.

It was in 1605 that a licence was granted to dig a mine of sea-coal "near the river of Shannon in Munster." Sea-coal was coming from England at that time in large quantities, and was so cheap that no effort had been made to discover Irish coal.

Then, by accident, some workers, drawing iron ore in Carlow, dug deeper and found sea-coal. All the people around began to put it to domestic use.

A hundred years later it was recorded that mines had been located in Leitrim, Kilkenny, and Cork, but coal continued to be imported in huge loads from England, and thus it was that little was done with the Irish seams.

And so—Eire burnt turf. (In No. 566, Gordon Rich tells of "Life on the Bog.")



Golden-voiced Joan Kean reads the latest news from James Harris.

WHEN two submariners—the Harris brothers—come home on leave they take Joan a-courting, but there's never a word of wrath between them. Being the sweethearts of a Leading Seaman James Walter and A.B. Albert Edward. For they're both in love with a different Joan.

So we learned when we walked into the busy little old-world newsagent's shop to see your mother smiling Mrs. Mary Harris, of 53, King - street, Knutsford, Cheshire.

The one with the surname

And the one called Wilkins, Bert's girl, quite often comes from Folkestone to stay with her. Being the sweethearts of brother submariners, there's a bond of sisterly affection between them.

Well, we did pick up a telephone while we were there, and we learned that the two girls send you both their love, and eagerly await your next leave.

Rex, the dog, still hovers over the papers when the newsboy brings them from the station, as though to keep



Mrs. Harris, the mother with the big smile, reads the news piecemeal between serving customers.

Kean (if you pick up a telephone round Knutsford way you'll hear her golden voice most any day, for she's a "Hello" girl there)—she's Jimmy's girl, and she lives at 13, Heathfield-square Knutsford. The watching and waiting for your next homecoming.

Home and Foreign News for Lieut. Ian Silver

WHO'S the poor girl whose skeleton is tucked away in your bedroom at Bembridge, Knapphill, Woking. Lieutenant Ian Silver?

Your mother says she is not quite sure whether you or Peter is responsible for it, but anyway, the news is that a rat has been at it, though it probably didn't find much meat.

Peter rang up at midnight the other night, just to tell your mother that he wouldn't be home until March. She is still wondering why he chose that hour to phone.

We found Duffy behaving nicely, and we must say he looks quite the retired gentleman now. Lady T has had no kittens for the past two months, which seems to be something of a record for her. The other animals at home, the chickens, have only laid one

egg in the last two months, which hints of sabotage, don't you think?

We were asked to let you know that Nephew Willum has walked nine steps, not forty nine, which is good going for his fourteen months.

Cousin Bambi is now the little dear of New York, for having been taken to that city by her duties in the W.R.N.S., she is proceeding to paint the town red. Talking about Bambi, your mother has had no letters from your ex-girl friends lately. What's the matter—you're not slipping are you?

Apart from that we were asked to state that your 'cello is now getting its tone back, and that your mother misses the wild parties you have when you're home.

It's a busy World, A.B. Percy Waters

CONGRATULATIONS, A.B. Percy Waters, on your engagement to Anne Arnold. She was very busy at her place of employment when we called, and though she hadn't time to talk she sent a message of love and good cheer for you in this New Year.

Your mother was out on her usual shopping round, but we hadn't to wait long for her at 6, Aberdyberthi Street, Hafod, Swansea, since Ronnie (your young brother) was also in the office ready for his dinner. She first asked us to tell you that your brother Fred, who was in the D-Day rush, landed himself in hospital, but is now out again and up to his ankles in mud.

He sent home for thicker scarves and socks—sign of the climate in Belgium, we guess.

Your old pal, Mr. Tanner, of Townhill, has been home on leave for ten days. He called to see your mother and told her

Brother Ronnie gets away from the piano to pose with Mrs. Waters.



he had met you in Ceylon. News to her! Anne, your fiancée, calls on your people each Sunday and stays for the evening.

Your pop is working all the hours Industry has made—out at 4 a.m. and not home till 10 or 11 p.m., each day. We didn't see him, though your mother wishes you to know that he's fighting fit.

Ronnie says he's not going to a commercial school when he leaves elementary, and is sorry to turn down your offer to share the expenses with your mother. He seems most concerned with music, and can rattle off the Warsaw Concerto on a piano like a professional.

By the way, the beer is more

plentiful these days. Your favourite haunts are open most of the week.

We're sorry to tell you that there is no good news yet of your old workmate, Billy Merrigan, nor has Trevor Thomas, of the "Adam and Eve," turned up.

That's about all the news from home we can give you in addition to that which you receive weekly from your mother.

She says your letters arrive all too infrequently, but puts that down to your dislike of letter writing.

All at home send love and best wishes for 1945, and hope that next Christmas you'll be home and so break your "duck" for the whole of the war period.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A wife and brother fight to save a hopeless "drunk" from himself in this Two-day Tale by JACK LONDON

CREATED HE THEM

SHE met him at the door.

"I did not think you would be so early."

"It is half-past eight." He looked at his watch. "The train leaves at 9.12."

He was very businesslike, until he saw her lips tremble as she abruptly turned and led the way.

"It'll be all right, little woman," he said soothingly. "Doctor Bodineau's the man. He'll pull him through, you'll see."

They entered the living-room. His glance quested apprehensively about, then turned to her.

"Where's Al?"

She did not answer, but with a sudden impulse came close to him

and stood motionless. She was a slender, dark-eyed woman, in whose face was stamped the strain

and stress of living. But the fine lines and the haunted look in the eyes were not the handiwork of

mere worry. He knew whose handiwork it was as he looked upon it, and she knew when she consulted her mirror.

"It's no use, Mary," he said. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"We've tried everything. It's a wretched business, I know, but what else can we do? You've failed. Doctor Bodineau's all that's left."

"If I had another chance..." she began falteringly.

"We've threshed that all out," he answered harshly. "You've got to buck up, now. You know what conclusion we arrived at. You know you haven't the ghost of a hope in another chance."

She shook her head. "I know it. But it is terrible, the thought of his going away to fight it out alone."

"He won't be alone. There's Doctor Bodineau. And besides, it's a beautiful place."

She remained silent.

"It is the only thing," he said.

"It is the only thing," she repeated mechanically.

He looked at his watch. "Where's Al?"

"I'll send him."

When the door had closed behind her, he walked over to the window

and looked out, drumming absently with his knuckles on the pane.

"Hello."

He turned and responded to the greeting of the man who had just entered. There was a perceptible drag to the man's feet as he walked across towards the window and paused irresolutely halfway.

"I've changed my mind, George," he announced hurriedly and nervously. "I'm not going."

He plucked at his sleeve, shuffled with his feet, dropped his eyes, and with a strong effort raised them again to confront the other.

George regarded him silently, his nostrils distending and his lean fingers unconsciously crooking like an eagle's talons about to clutch.

In line and feature there was much of resemblance between the two men; and yet, in the strongest resemblances there was a radical difference. Theirs were the same black eyes, but those of the man at the window were sharp and straight-looking, while those of the man in the middle of the room were cloudy and furtive. He could not the face the other's gaze, and continually and vainly struggled with len expression was creeping across himself to do so. The high cheek Al's face.

bones with the hollows beneath

were the same, yet the texture of the hollows seemed different. The thin-lipped mouths were from the same mould, but George's lips were firm and muscular while Al's were soft and loose—the lips of an ascetic turned voluptuary. There was also a sag at the corners. His flesh hinted of grossness, especially so in the eagle-like aquiline nose that must once have been like the other's, but that had lost the austerity the other's still retained.

Al fought for steadiness in the middle of the floor. The silence bothered him. He had a feeling that he was about to begin swaying back and forth. He moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I'm going to stay," he said desperately.

He dropped his eyes and plucked again at his sleeve.

"And you are only twenty-six years old," George said at last.

"You poor, feeble old man."

"Don't be so sure of that," Al retorted, with a flash of belligerence.

"Do you remember when we swam that mile and a half across the channel?"

"Well, and what of it?" A sul-

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we boxed in the barn after school?"

"I could take all you gave me."

"All I gave you!" George's voice rose momentarily to a higher pitch.

"You licked me four after-

noons out of five. You were twice as strong as I—three times as strong. And now I'd be afraid to

land on you with a sofa cushion; you'd crumple up like a last year's leaf. You'd die, you poor, miserable old man."

"You needn't abuse me just because I've changed my mind," the other protested, the hint of a whine in his voice.

"His wife entered, and he looked appealingly to her; but the man at the window strode suddenly up to him and burst out—

"You don't know your own mind for two successive minutes! You haven't any mind, you spineless, crawling worm!"

"You can't make me angry," Al smiled with cunning, and glanced triumphantly at his wife.

"You can't make me angry," he repeated, as though the idea were thoroughly gratifying to him.

"I know your game. It's my stomach, I tell you. I can't help it. Before God, I can't! Isn't it my stomach, Mary?"

She glanced at George and spoke composedly, though she hid a trembling hand in a fold of her skirt.

"Isn't it time?" she asked softly.

Her husband turned upon her savagely. "I'm not going to go!"

he cried. "That's just what I've been telling... him. And I tell you again, all of you, I'm not going. You can't bully me."

"Why, Al, dear, you said—"

she began.

"Never mind what I said!" he broke out. "I've said something else right now, and you've heard it, and that settles it."

He walked across the room and threw himself with emphasis into a Morris chair. But the other man was swiftly upon him. The talon-like fingers gripped his shoulders, jerked him to his feet, and held him there.

(Continued on Page 3)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Says he feels safe in his crater! Argues surely the Hun can't hit the same spot twice!"

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



AN exhibition in London will show some of the wonders of the Mulberry prefabricated ports which made possible the invasion of Europe. I have been hearing a story that not even this War Office exhibition can tell. It comes from a man who worked on the arduous, dangerous job of building a Mulberry.

Right through last winter, says my correspondent, they worked seven days a week and often all night, including Christmas and holidays. Air raids were ignored.

★

THERE was only a three-foot cat-walk along the great steel and concrete sections. "If you slipped, well, you had it!" he says.

He has an unforgettable impression of thousands of men at work, sometimes fighting; giant cranes heaving up and down, snow and bitter winds, mountains of shingle, sand and concrete "like Brighton beach."

The job was floodlit at night, "just like London at the Coronation."

★

SOME men," he says, "worked four days and nights running, voluntarily, in the bitter cold, just to get the job done. Some of us did jobs that meant hours at a time standing on one plank with a forty-foot drop. Some men fell."

Wages rocketed from £3 to £18 a week. The average was about £7. But it was not just the money that made the men work. "We did not know what it was meant for," my friend tells me, "but we did know it was urgent."

★

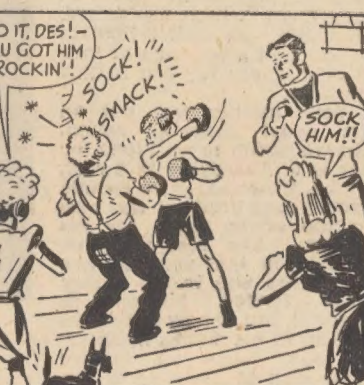
HE: "When you look at me like that I want to kiss you."

She: "Well, hurry up, then. I can't keep this expression much longer."

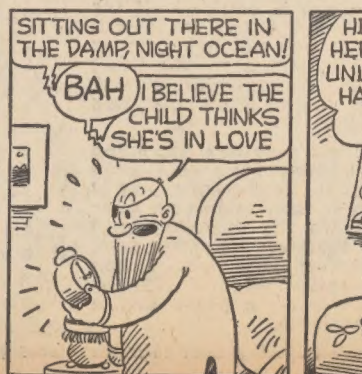
BEELEZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—504

1. Insert consonants in *I*E*I* and *I*E*A*Y and get two Irish counties.

2. Here are two poets whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Who are they?

LEBLUSHOT — YEMPAC.

3. If "batter" is the "bat" of cooking, what is the bat of (a) Illumination, (b) Timber?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 503

1. CROMARTY, TROSSACHS.
2. COPPER—SILVER.
3. (a) Incompatibility, (b) Dispatching.
4. Ground-sel, See-d.

JANE



CREATED HE THEM

(Continued from Page 2)

"You've reached the limit, Al, and I want you to understand it. I've tried to treat you like... like my brother, but hereafter I shall treat you like the thing that you are. Do you understand?"

The anger in his voice was cold. The blaze in his eyes was cold. It was vastly more effective than any outburst, and Al cringed under it and under the clutching hand that was bruising his shoulder muscles.

"It is only because of me that you have this house, that you have the food you eat. Your position? Any other man would have been shown the door a year ago—two years ago. I have held you in it. Your salary has been charity. It has been paid out of my pocket. Mary... her dresses... that gown she has on is made over; she wears the discarded dresses of her sisters, of my wife. Charity—do you'll be the death of me," he understood? Your children—they gasped. They were wearing the discarded clothes. The hand thrust him down of my children, of the children of forcibly into the Morris chair and my neighbours who think the released him.

clothes went to some orphan asylum. And it is an orphan asylum... or it soon will be." He emphasised each point with an unconscious tightening of his grip on the shoulder. Al was squirming with the pain of it. The sweat was starting out on his forehead.

"Now listen well to me," his brother went on. "In three minutes you will tell me that you are going with me. If you don't, Mary and the children will be taken away from you—to-day. You needn't ever come to the office. This house will be closed to you. And in six months I shall have the pleasure of burying you. You have three minutes to make up your mind."

Al made a strangling movement, Mary... her dresses... that gown she has on is made over; she wears the discarded dresses of her sisters, of my wife. Charity—do you'll be the death of me," he understood? Your children—they gasped. They were wearing the discarded clothes. The hand thrust him down of my children, of the children of forcibly into the Morris chair and my neighbours who think the released him.

The clock on the mantel ticked loudly. George glanced at it, and at Mary. She was leaning against the table, unable to conceal her trembling.

"I'll go," came from the Morris chair.

It was a weak and shaken voice, and it was a weak and shaken man that pulled himself out of the Morris chair. He started towards the door.

"Where are you going?" George demanded.

"Suit-case," came the response. "Mary'll send the trunk later. I'll be back in a minute."

The door closed after him. A moment later, struck with sudden suspicion, George was opening the door. He glanced in. His brother stood at a sideboard, in one hand a decanter, in the other hand, bottom up and to his lips, a whisky glass.

Across the glass Al saw that he was observed. It threw him into a panic. Hastily he tried to refill the glass and get it to his lips; but glass and decanter were sent smashing to the floor. He snarled. It was like the sound of a wild beast. But the grip on

his shoulder subdued and frightened him. He was being propelled towards the door.

"The suit-case," he gasped. "It's there... in that room. Let me get it."

"Where's the key?" his brother asked, when he had brought it. "It isn't locked."

The next moment the suit-case was spread open, and George's hand was searching the contents. From one side it brought out a bottle of whisky, from the other side a flask. He snapped the case to.

"Come on," he said. "If we miss one car, we miss that train." He went out into the hallway, leaving Al with his wife. It was like a funeral, George thought as he waited.

His brother's overcoat caught

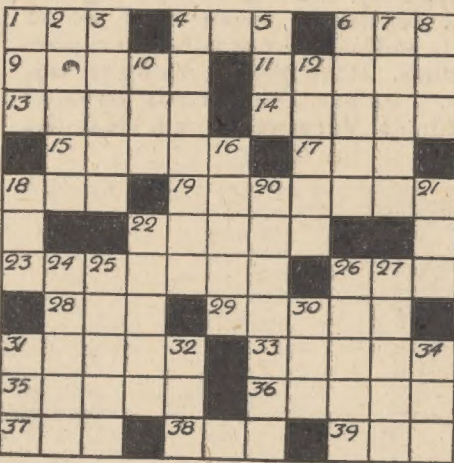
on the knob of the front door and delayed its closing long enough for Mary's first sob to come to their ears. George's lips were very thin and compressed as he went down the steps. In one hand he carried the suit-case. With the other hand he held his brother's arm.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

ALEX CRACK

Strolling into a jeweller's shop, an Irishman informed the salesman that he wanted to purchase a gold ring. "Eighteen carat?" asked the salesman. "No, ye're wrong," said the Irishman. "O've been aiting onions."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

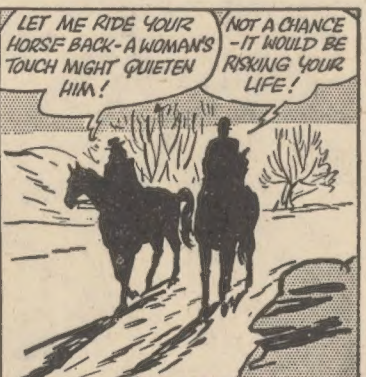
- 1 Sharp point.
- 2 Snow-shoe.
- 3 Nave.
- 4 Order.
- 5 Open-mouthed.
- 6 Ban.
- 7 Sister.
- 8 Kind.
- 9 Consumed.
- 10 Gu.ded.
- 11 Dry.
- 12 Mix.
- 13 Tried metal.
- 14 Perform.
- 15 Cask.
- 16 Musician.
- 17 Incursion.
- 18 Reason.
- 19 Fish.
- 20 Making a din.
- 21 Cereal.
- 22 Remained.
- 23 That girl.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Spurt.
- 2 Saying.
- 3 Jeered.
- 4 Resolutely.
- 5 Scotch boy.
- 6 Deer.
- 7 Spill.
- 8 Insect.
- 9 Study.
- 10 Protect.
- 11 Farm animals.
- 12 Grass land.
- 13 N. Americans.
- 14 Nevertheless.
- 15 Trite.
- 16 Very hard.
- 17 Move in waves.
- 18 Defence.
- 19 Pulverise.
- 20 For.
- 21 Distant.
- 22 Tree.
- 23 Watch.

TWIG SOAR H
RADIO PLATE
OXEN REAPER
T AGUE SILO
SILENCE DEN
R RIOTS D
POP TUNEFUL
ONUS NAVE E
REPEAT ELSE
CRIMP CROAK
H LEAD ENDS

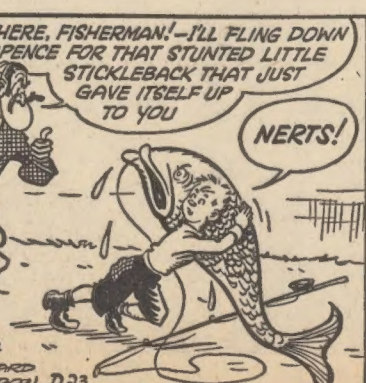
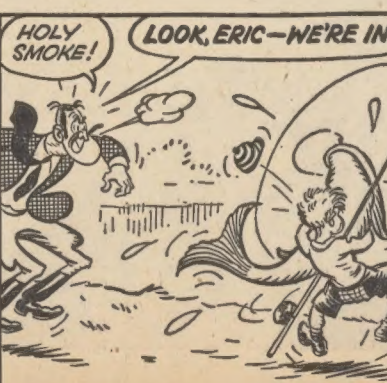
RUGGLES



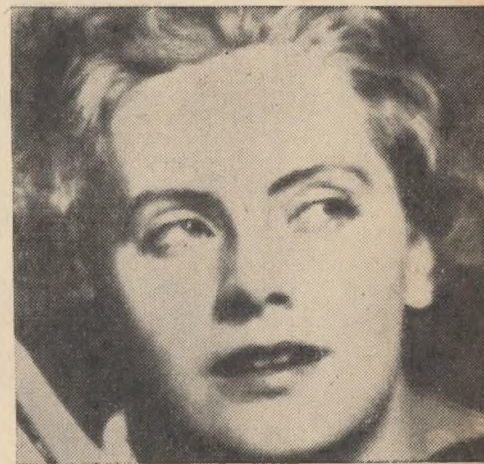
GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ



Queen of 'em all when movies were silent. Survived the coming of "talkies." Shuns the camera when not being paid for it. Often heard to remark, "I tank I go home." (Answer to-morrow.)



"Of course, we could teach you typing and shorthand, and there would be holidays—Miss Golde!"

Good Morning

WHO, ME? YES, LADY, WE MEAN YOU

"We hereby charge Elaine Shepard, luscious leading lady in RKO Radio's hilarious musicomedy, 'Seven Days Ashore,' with inciting submariners to go adrift. We contend that any matlooe witnessing the high old time enjoyed by the 'gobs' during the aforementioned seven days would find it well-nigh impossible to report for duty. Have you anything to say, Elaine, before sentence is passed? Nothing? Very well, then, clear the court."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Tom went adrift
for me, bless him."

